MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD AT HAVERHILL.

The regular country meeting of the State Board of Agriculture at Haverhill on the 30th of Nov. and Dec. 1st and 2d, was generally regarded as a success, notwithstanding the intense cold, which no doubt kept away scores of people who would otherwise have been there. It was indeed the coldest on Tuesday of any day in November since 1824, the thermometer reaching 10 deg. below zero in some parts of Boston, and about that all over New England. It was impossible to warm the Hall, and of course everybody shivered, and speaking was up hill business. With a single small stove and no furnace, it took a crowd of people to keep any warmth in the fire. By Tuesday noon the temparature got up above sixty in the room, and there was an approach to comfort. Of course a meeting is held at a disadvantage under such circumstances, and the attendance upon the evening lectures was far less in numbers than it has been for many years, less than it ever was before, there being only about a hundred or less present on the first evening, and the Hall less than half full on the second.

The meeting opened at 12 o'clock on Tuesday with an address by Hon. George B. Loring. It was listened to with great interest and attention, and embraced the striking features in the history of farming in Essex County. At 2 o'clock Prof. Levi Stockbridge of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, delivered a lecture upon the *Feeding of Plants*, in a series of experiments at the College farm and elsewhere under his direction, the results of which are quite striking. They seem to foreshadow the possibility of the application of fertilizers with reference to the special wants of vegetation.

It is too soon yet, perhaps, to accept the results with implicit confidence as establishing fixed rules for practice. They have not yet been pursued far enough to enable any one to swear by them, but they certainly encourage the hope that some important facts will be gained by following up the series of experiments so successfully instituted. The persistent interrogation of nature is the only way to unravel her secrets.

The lecture was followed by a discussion upon Indian corn, which was opened by J. Hapgood, Esq., of Shrewsbury, who stated his method of cultivation, and showed specimens of his corn. It led to an animated discussion which occupied the afternoon.—[See report continued from last week's *Ploughman*, in another column.]

FARM YARD MANURES.

The importance of the proper application of manures is so great, that every thing relating to it is always in order. Manures may be divided practically into three great classes, known as carbonaceous, ammoniacal and inorganic. The first is made up almost exclusively of woody fibre. Its great source is the manure from our farm animals. Deposits of peat and muck are referable to this class. They all form, in their progress toward ultimate decay, under favorable circumstances, what we denominate humus. Ammoniacal manures are those which contain nitrogen in their composition, and which by its union with hydrogen forms ammonia during progress toward decay. The principal available source of this substance is the liquid evacuations of stock. It is contained in the solid manure to some extent when fresh, and also in some other animal products except fat, such as hair, wool, horns, hide, flesh, blood, &c. The inorganic matters are all derived originally from the inorganic substances composing the soil. The more important ones are lime, potash, and phosphoric acid. These substances exist in nearly every soil, but in such combinations that they are only very slowly available to vegetation, but they are nevertheless, just as absolutely necessary to plants as humus or ammonia. Their ordinary source is in ashes and bones. It is evident that an ox, whose bones are made up in large proportion of lime and phosphoric acid, in combination as phosphate of lime, could never have attained his growth had not his food contained those substances. If that food, which is hay and grain, possessed them, they must have derived them from the soil. If these elements had not existed in the soil, then the hay and grain could not have been developed from it. It is apparent that all the substances needed by the growing crops must either exist in the soil, or be artificially applied where they do not exist in it. Soils are rich or productive in proportion as they are complete and contain all the elements required by the crop. A soil may be filled with humus or organic matter and yet be very deficient in phosphate of lime, potash, or some other ingredient, and if it is so deficient it cannot produce remunerative crops. And the same is true of soils of the opposite character. If they contain a large preponderance of inorganic matter and are destitute of carbonaceous elements, these must of course be supplied by some means or other, or the crop will come short.

Th are the principles that come into the ordinary course of cropping on the farm, and they must be considered as the fundamental elements of successful culture, notwithstanding the recent experiments in the use of special fertilizers which are designed to feed the crop alone, without reference to the permanent improvement of the land. Whether a farmer shall aim to improve his soil and make it permanently better, or merely to get the present crop and leave the future to take care of itself, may be a question worthy of consideration. We do not think the special fertilizers offer the means of doing this so directly as the application of farm yard manures, and for the present the question may be open for discussion, though the results of the feeding of crops at the Massachusetts Agricultural College appear to be satisfactory thus far, and to show the possibility of producing good crops cheaply and with considerable certainty by the use of the chemical elements required in their composition.

SETTING AN ORCHARD.

We think many farmers have an idea that a fruit tree can be set out any way and left to take care of itself. The practice of many seems to give color to this supposition, for we see generally too little pains taken to select a proper site and to put it in the best shape to receive the trees. A simple ploughing is often all the land gets in the way of preparation and drainage is seldom thought essential to success. Besides the majority are too careless in the selection of trees and will buy cheap and second rate ones rather than pay a little larger price for the choice. There can be no greater mistake it seems to us, and there is no economy in it in the end. We think it must be conceded that in the preparation of the site for an orchard, thorough draining of the soil is uniformly advantageous. This is now admitted by all good cultivators to be an indispensable condition to perfect success in the production of fine trees and handsome fruit. Wherever there is an excess of water in the soil, at any season of the year, the health of the trees sooner or later, will be impaired and its life shortened. Most of the diseases which have affected fruit trees, in our region, such as the spotting of the foliage, decomposition of the bark, and the blasting and cracking of the fruit, are attributable to uncongenial and imperfectly drained soils. In fact there are very few locations where draining is not beneficial. In undrained soils water accumulates first at the extremities of the lower roots. When, therefore, autumn approaches, evaporation growing less and less, and the temperature of the earth being reduced, the roots become chilled and the functions of the tree arrested, just at the time when in our climate they are most required for bringing our fruits to perfect maturity. All lands intended for orchards should not only be well drained, but the land should be thoroughly ploughed, deeply if not subsoiled. The advantages resulting from such properly prepared soils are now so universally acknowledged as to need no further discussion.

An orchard should always be kept free from grass, grain and weeds. No other product should be grown upon the soil, except vegetables, and these only while the trees are young and occupy but a small portion of the land. And when the trees attain a bearing condition, the cultivation of the soil should not extend to the depth of more than three inches, never disturbing the roots with the plough or spade. The practice of seeding down orchards to grass or grain, except on the over rich soils like those of the West, should be carefully avoided. Neither can the digging of small circles around the trunks of trees in grass land be recommended as of any great benefit, as the roots of mature trees, extend far beyond the outlines of these circles.

The influence of soils on certain kinds of fruits is remarkable. Some succeed on any tolerably good lands; some best on light, loamy, half silicious soils, others require a strong, rich bottom to bring them to perfection. The natural requirements of each variety should be carefully studied, and constant mistakes will be made unless they are properly considered. Orchards, as a general rule, will not do so well in grass as when they are kept under some cultivation, but where this is impracticable, as on a side hill, where the soil is liable to wash and injure the land, make it up by liberal top dressing or in some other way.

HARRIS ON INSECTS.

Orange Judd & Co. have just published a new edition of *Harris on Insects Injurious to Vegetation*. This is on the whole the most practical and valuable work on the subject ever published, and is so accurately and beautifully illustrated that it enables any one not familiar with it to identify specimens more readily than it is possible by any other work. For beauty of execution and completeness of treatment this work still stands unrivalled.

WHAT IS HIGH FARMING!

An American farmer of note, after visiting England and examining with the critical eye of a practical and experienced agriculturist, the system pursued there, says:—

I am thoroughly confirmed in my old faith that the only good farmer of our future is to be the "high farmer." There is a widely prevailing antipathy among the common farmers of our country against not only the practice of high farming, but against the use of the phrase by agricultural writers. This is all wrong, and should be at once corrected. Through some misconception of the meaning of the phrase, and of its application, they have come to believe it synonymous with theoretical "book farming," "new fangled notions," boasted progress, followed by disappointment and final failure. This is all an error. High farming simply means thorough cultivation, liberal manuring, bountiful crops, good feed, and paying profits therefrom. It is not strange that misconceptions have arisen in the minds of doubting farmers who have been eye witnesses to some of the spread eagle experiments of enthusiastic farmers, better supplied with money obtained in a business they knew how to manage than with practical experience on the farm. Bountiful crops and paying profits, of course, are what all farmers who are depending upon the farm for an income, are striving to obtain; and every year as it passes is re-confirming the opinion that profits are small, and will grow beautifully less where high farming is not practised.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

After a protracted session at Louisville, Kentucky, this body of delegates from all the States of the Union adjourned last Thursday, the 2d, inst., after offering to the consideration of the constituent Granges the accompanying suggestions: First of all, and above all else, that a spirit of fraternity was to be cultivated between granges and the individual members of the order, for the promotion of vigor, success and perpetuity; that the nature of the solemn obligation entered into by all should never be forgotten; that the good name of a brother or sister should be as precious to each one as his own; that harshness has no place in the principles of the Order, its mission being one wholly of peace and good will; and that in the discussion and application of the principles of the Order, and asperity and violence are out of place and should be discountenanced.

It was further declared that it ought at all times to be borne in mind that the Grange is organized for the comfort, convenience and welfare of every worthy member. And all members were appealed to, to renew their pledges of fealty, to this noble brotherhood, endeavoring especially to live up to the following principles of the declaration of its purposes, viz, "We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will and vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our Order perpetual we shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry and all selfish ambition." These, say the declarations of the National Grange, are not empty words but vital principles, which will give life and permanence to every Grange throughout our land if their members will but emulate one another in exemplifying them in their words and actions. The Convention was a successful one, and will work abiding effects on the fortunes of the entire Grange system.

There is one service performed for the community, or let us say for society, by the agricultural meetings, conventions and fairs of which too careful account cannot be taken; Senator Bayard made a fine allusion to it in his address to the farmers of the South in a last Fall's tour into that section. He said it was lamentable to find that party differences, which so readily blossom out into prejudices and passions and strifes, making enemies of friends, and destroying the delight of neighborhood communities, kept apart men who ought to be brought together; that thus the highest good of society was sacrificed recklessly to party feeling, the former being a lasting matter, while the latter was but fleeting; and that agricultural meetings and conventions furnished the needed solvents for these asperities, which only concerned matters of opinion and not the real interests of life.

Let farmers everywhere, in New England especially, heed the wisdom of this remark and proceed to act on its timely suggestions. The object of society is not to keep men asunder, but to bring and hold them together. There is no common interest so well calculated to do this as Agriculture. It is the great peacemaker. Passionate feelings are insensibly soothed by its gentle influences. Men can find nothing to become excited about in the intensest competition they may raise in this calling. It brings together persons whose fine qualities demand that they should co-operate, both for their own and the general good. And although it is indisputable that we must have parties in a free country, and under a representative government, it is the more necessary that there should be a large curative, quieting, and healing power outside, as Agriculture certainly is, to wear off the effects of partisan strife and passion, and hold up to men's view the wholeness and harmony of life under calm and steady conditions. Every farmer, therefore, should see that his is a party which includes all parties and promotes friends, promotes unions, and keeps society together.

CONCORD FARMERS' CLUB.

This club adopts the plan of meeting at the houses of the members, and that is thought to have many social advantages over the plan of meeting at a public Hall. It will meet at the house of—

J. B. Moore, Dec. 9.—*New Varieties of Fruit.* Benefits from their introduction in the last twenty years.

P. S. Hosmer, Dec.—*Soiling.* What crop to sow, when and how?

Jos. D. Brown, Dec. 23.—*Tobacco*; Cultivation and use.

D. G. Lang, Dec. 30.—*State's Prison*; effect on Agriculture in Concord.

J. S. Keyes, Jan. 6, 1876.—*Trees for Shelter*; kinds most suitable, most judicious arrangement of for shelter, and for picturesque effect.

Waldo Flint, Jan. 13.—*Swine*; care and feeding.

G. F. Wheeler, Jan. 20.—*Barn-yard Manure.* Best methods of saving and application.

E. Wood, Jan. 27.—*Sheep Husbandry.*

C. A. Barker, Feb. 3.—*Fertilizing Land.* Practicable methods for farmers in Concord.

M. Houghton, Feb. 10.—*How shall we make farming more attractive to our young men?*

A. E. Wood, Feb. 17.—*Peculiarities in Plant Growth*; how to take advantage of them?

H. W. Jones, Feb. 24.—*Reclaiming Waste Lands.*

J. B. Tileston, March 2.—*Insect Enemies.* Unity of action among farmers for their deduction; Remedies tried, and results.

Minot Pratt, March 9.—*Roast Beef and Plum-pudding*; The science of living and enjoying life.

Geo. Keyes, March 16.—*Stock Breeding as a Science.*

A. B. Warren, March 23.—*The Census and Enumerations in their relation to the farmer.*

Geo. Hunt, March 30.—*Our Buildings.* Best way to warm and ventilate.

W. H. Hunt, April 7.—*Peat, and its Formation.*

Whole number of Members twenty-eight.

MINOT PRATT, *Secretary.*

☞ Lay in a good supply of reading matter pertaining to the farm interests. Think and talk over your plans during the winter months, and send your suggestions and queries to your agricultural papers for the benefit of others.

Questions & Answers.

GRAFTING THE HICKORY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Allow me to ask through the *Ploughman* if there is any method of grafting the shagbark into the hickory or common walnut. On many farms there are trees bearing worthless nuts, which if they could be grafted would become valuable. Why not improve the walnut as well as the apple and other fruit? J. W. T.

Norwood.

There is a limit to which the operation of grafting or budding are confined, but it is safe to say that it may be extended generally to members of the same germs, that is maples and hickories upon hickories. The nearer related the species the more successful the operation. We have no doubt that the species of hickory and the shag-bark could be worked upon each other with perfect success and we wonder why it is not more frequently done. The sale for good varieties of nuts is almost unlimited.

Cleft grafting is the most common method adopted for fruit and forest trees, especially where the stock is larger than the graft. Splice grafting will do very well where the scion and the stock are of equal size as sometimes happens with young trees.—[ED.

DR. TODD ON BEES.

Most people of New England remember well the late Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, author of the Student's Manual and many other works of reputation. He had many peculiarities or eccentricities, but was withal one of the ablest and strongest clergymen in New England. It is said that one of his periodic hobbies was bees. He began with them in Philadelphia. The heart of a great city is not, one would think, the most convenient place for swarms of bees; but he obviated some of the difficulties by putting them in the attic: and as the slope of the roof made it necessary to set the hives quite in the middle of the room, he devised long narrow bridges from the hives to the window, and covered them with glass, so that the bees could be seen traveling to and fro, a journey to which they seriously objected. True, it was uncomfortable, whenever any sweet thing was cooking in the kitchen to have half a swarm of bees come pouring in; and this the neighbors found for half a block around. But then, they never knew where their tormentors came from. It was trying, too, to have a new swarm go off and settle on the utterly true object of interest to a perplexed policeman and a crowd of grinning urchins, but a loss to the owner, who did not care to claim it. This first attempt to raise honey was brought to an untimely end by the singular depravity of the emblems of industry themselves, who, finding that molasses was to be had the year round at the wharves, and at the wholesale grocer's doors, abandoned the business of manufacture and joined the street boys always hanging round the precious hogsheads. But when he moved to Pittsfield the opportunity for indulging in bee-raising became more inviting; and, but for the trifling circumstance that a swarm of wood sawyers, that little money could be made, and the winter so long that a swarm of bees could seldom survive it, the business might have been profitable. However, he went into it with enthusiasm; he bought books on the subject, and saved scraps from newspapers; he corresponded with bee-raisers; he made all sorts of veiled hats, smoking apparatus and tools, for manipulating the bees and their comb; he constructed all sorts of bee-houses, and at one time making with his own hands a perfect miniature model of the Parthenon large enough to contain two or three hives, which stood for years in his front yard, and proved a perfect bee-mausoleum, as they died as fast as they were put into its dampness. He made hives of all possible and some impossible shapes, trying every new patent, conscientiously purchasing the right to manufacture, and lumbering up his garret with mysterious looking boxes, each one more worthless than the rest. "I believe that I belong naturally to the *Hivites*; I find that I can make my new hives for $2.50 each, while I can *buy* them for $2 each; but *then*, those I make are so much *better!*" He tried all sorts of experiments. In one of his attacks of beefever he read that the best way to keep bees through the winter was to bury them. Forthwith his forty swarms—for his yard was unusually full at that time of feeble swarms—went into the ground. The hives came out in the spring but not the bees. It will readily be seen that, although he often had great quantities of honey, the business was not very profitable. The most amusing part of it was that bees seemed to entertain a peculiar aversion to him. He could scarcely go near them without getting stung; and a sting produced a peculiarly distressing effect upon him. On being stung, no matter where, he would presently turn deathly pale, lose consciousness, and on coming to himself find relief only after terrible nausea, vomiting, and half a day's sickness. Anybody could go nearer the hives and handle the bees with more impunity than he could. "Fools rushed in where angels feared to tread." But all this did not in the least damp his enthusiasm.

MILK IN NEW YORK.

What it Costs the Consumer and how much the Producers are Paid for it—The Grasping of the Middlemen.

A short time ago a combination was made by the milk sellers of this vicinity by which the price of the lacteal was raised to twelve cents per quart. When an inquiry was made as to the cause of this extortionate price the dealers announced that in the dairy districts many of the cows are sick, and that, consequently, the supply of milk has of late steadily fallen off. Of course this statement, as it could not immediately be denied upon truth, stood the dealers as well as the truth would stand them. But now proof is at hand that the rise in price was dictated, not by real exigencies, but by the sordid motives of the dealers. It is certain that the cows in the dairy districts from which our milk supply is drawn are as healthy as they ever were. There is no disease among them; their food is good and abundant, and their yield is now as great as it ever was. In Orange county the cows are in splendid condition. But in that county and in other counties it is a fact not so much milk is produced as could be. The reason for the fact is found in the contemptible grasping of the coterie of milk sellers that from time to time meets in Hester street, and dictates not only what the consumers shall pay for the fluid, but also what the dairymen shall receive for it. The dairymen now receive but four cents a quart, while the consumers are charged twelve cents. The former are now in a state of revolt. Goaded by the sellers they have determined to lessen and have lessened the number of their cows, because they are unwilling to produce milk at the price paid them. The condition is just this at present. The farmers do not produce so much milk as they could because the dealers prey upon them, and the latter take advantage of the fact to impose upon the consumers. It is now proposed in Orange county that the farmers should combine to purchase wagons and sell milk in opposition to the present dealers in New York and the neighboring cities.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

TO MY FOREMAN.

BY AN ABSENT FARMER.

LETTER NUMBER V.

I trust you have read the address of Dr. Loring on the subject of "Fertilizers." It is published in full in the *Ploughman*, of November 27th, and is the best word yet spoken in defence of the barn-yard. It is a truthful statement of the case and every farmer in New England should read it. Of course I am pleased to find the maxim with which I closed my last letter to you to be the accepted doctrine of the highest authority on the subject. I will venture to repeat the maxim, "There can be no such thing as continuous successful farming anywhere without keeping stock." And these experienced Solons of the New England Agricultural Society at Manchester, after due deliberation, substantially concede that it is so. I say substantially concede it, but they do not quite give it up, for the Doctor "on bended knee" implores the chemists to come to their rescue, and find for them a cheap substitute for barn-yard manure. Vain supplication! As vain and ineffectual as that of the wagoner in the fable who called on Jupiter to drag his cart out of the slough, or as that of the boy on the raft, who, finding he was drifting to sea, asked his companion if he would pray, as *something* had to be done right away. There is but one resource for the boy, the wagoner or the farmer, and that is to go to work and help themselves. The chemists could as easily transform the boulders on the Doctor's farm into nuggets of gold, or turn his apples into apricots.

I have great respect for the chemists and would not depreciate the value of their labors towards increasing our knowledge of the material world about us, and thereby extending the means of comfort and happiness to mankind. But, as a farmer, seeking to reduce the cost of raising good crops, I find this to be the case. The chemist will analize a portion of my yard manure, and tell me that ninety parts are water, and only ten parts of any fertilizing value. He will also tell me exactly what are the substances that compose this valuable tenth part, and that if I would produce the same effect on my land as the yard manure does, I have only to send for them to the druggist, apply them to the land, and wait for a good crop with the sublime confidence of faith based on science. Now that is all very fine, and desirable, and I have no doubt quite true so far as the chemists are concerned, but it isn't true so far as the farmer's work is concerned. I have tried it in many ways, and always have to come back to the barn-yard.

I don't blame the chemist or doubt his skill. The explanation of the apparent contradiction seems to me to be this. The stomach of the cow is a mysterious laboratory, the working of which is beyond the ken of the chemist. He can tell with marvelous precision the exact ingredients of the stomach's contents, but no human hand, it would seem, can combine the same substances, gathered elsewhere, so as to secure the same results when used as fertilizers. Why this is so, who can tell? I only see that it is so, and I am forced to conclude that the same wise Providence which has decreed, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" has so ordered the course of nature that man may not successfully labor on the soil for his own sustenance without the aid and care of cattle. In other words, may we not fairly infer, (considering our failures to secure a change), that as in all countries, and in all ages, oxen and cows and sheep and horses, or some of them have been found to be a necessary adjunct to agriculture, so they must continue to be, at least, till the farmers' Millennium.

I am sorry Dr. Loring took such a discouraging view of the cost of producing and hauling yard manure. He cites the case of tobacco growers who have tried stall feeding oxen for the sake of their manure, and found it cost from ten to fifteen dollars per head. He did not say whether they found that cheaper than buying commercial fertilizers. While I do not think that the most economical method of securing the manure, I believe they must have found it to be better and cheaper than any thing they could buy in the market.

As for the cost of handling or moving the stuff you know we don't find that such a terrible thing as the Doctor would make out. To do it with oxen, and all in the busy season of spring, as he supposes, would indeed be a pretty serious matter, but we manage it differently. Three horses do all our farm work, and they haul the manure all through the year, whenever they can be spared from other work. Labor is too dear to be *loafed* away at the slow pace of an ox.

GRINDING CORN-COBS.—Geo. Geddes writes thus to the New York *Tribune*:—It costs little to shell corn, and we often have shelled one hundred bushels and have the cobs piled up by themselves, and take Prof. Johnson's statement of their composition, and inquire, Will it pay to grind these cobs and feed the meal to cows? We have a fair question for the chemist and the miller to talk over, and to them I will leave the discussion, merely saying that having fed and seen fed to the ox kind mouth meal made by grinding corn and cobs together, I have come to the opinion that cobs are not worth grinding any more than wheat straw, and that if cobs are to be ground, it would be much the best way to shell the corn and grind separately, for by so doing the grain might be well ground, and the cob ground to suit the means and fancy of whoever may desire to spend his time in such experiments. I wish to add that I entirely agree with Prof. Johnson in his closing remarks, that only careful experiments "can fix the value of cob meal for practical purposes" and having for myself made sufficient experiments to make up a very decided opinion, I have given it—subject to abandonment only when more accurate and more scientifically conducted trials shall show me to be in error. Why cannot Agricultural Colleges make such experiments?"

☞ The farmers of the south part of Acushnet and the north part of Fairhaven have formed a club called the Farmers' Acushnet Club. The present number of members is twenty. James M. Allen, Jr., of Fairhaven, is Secretary, and Captain Dall, Treasurer. A President and Vice President are chosen at each meeting.

The Horse.

MONOMANIA IN HORSES.

In 1806, during the campaign of Austerlitz, a Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful, and, in other respects a serviceable mare, but which one peculiarity rendered, at times, very dangerous for the saddle. She had a decided aversion to paper, which she immediately recognized the moment she saw it, and even in the dark, if one or two leaves were rubbed together. The effect produced by the sight or sound of it was so prompt and so violent, that in many cases she unhorsed her rider; and in one case, his foot being entangled in the stirrup, she dragged him a considerable way over a stony road. In other respects, this mare had not the slightest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She regarded not the music of the band, the whistling of the balls, the roaring of the canons, the fire of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and noise of an engagement made no impression upon her; the sight of no other white object affected her; no other sound was regarded: the view or the rustling of paper alone roused her to madness. All possible means were employed to cure her of this extraordinary and dangerous aberration, but without success; and her master was at length compelled to sell her, for his life was in continual danger. A mare belonged to the French Guard-Royal from 1816 to 1821. She was perfectly manageable, and betrayed no antipathy to the human being, nor to other animals, nor to horses, except they were of a light gray color; but the moment she saw a gray horse, she rushed upon it, and attacked it with the greatest fury. It was the same at all times and everywhere. She was all that he wished on the parade, on the route, in the ranks, in action, and in the stable; but unless a horse hatred towards gray or white horses, that it was dangerous to place them in the same stable with her, at whatever distance. If she once caught a glimpse of one, whether horse or mare, she rested not until she had thrown her rider, or broken her halter, and then she rushed on it with the greatest fury, and bit it in a thousand pieces. It, generally, however, seized the animal by the head or throat, and held it so fast that she would suffocate it, if it were not promptly released from her bite. As she grew old, the mania was not quite removed, but it was somewhat weakened. No other body of a white color appeared to make the least impression on her. A mare, belonging to the Fifth squadron of the Austrian Cuirassiers, on the contrary, all white inanimate objects—such as white mantles, coats, or even the sleeves of shirts and chemises too much displayed, and particularly white plumes. When any of these white bodies, especially in motion, were first perceived, if they were of any magnitude, and their motion was rapid, she was in a fearful fright; and strove to escape; but if they were of no great size, and moved more gently, she rushed furiously upon them, struck at them with her forefeet, and endeavored to tear them with their teeth. No other colors produced the slightest effect upon her, nor did the appearance, however sudden, of white horses, or dogs of the same color; but if a white plume waved, or a white sheet of paper floated by her, her fear or rage was ungovernable. These three cases of singular and peculiar aversion possess all the characters of true monomania.

"OLD JOHN LAWRENCE."

One of the earliest, if not the earliest book, written on the trotting horse, was by John Lawrence, of England, in 1802. It is interesting to note how accurate his observations were:

"If a young trotter be obtained, it will be perceived in an instant whether it has a natural great bent of speed. But if not, granting he be thorough shaped, and can trot a mile in four minutes handsomely, he may improve and become capital for a long distance. In training a young trotter, take a long time; keep him almost always within-a-hand; never trot him with a slack rein, nor a fler him to hitch, lead with one leg, or get into a confused run between trot and gallop, but accustom him to pull well and steadily at you. Always oblige him to finish his trot in a walk, never in either canter or gallop; in which latter case cause him to turn round, as is the custom in trotting race. No hack is fit to trot any considerable distance until rising six years old; but it is remarkable that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age, many having been known to trot as fast at twenty and even near thirty years of age, as they did in their prime, a solid recompense surely, for the extraordinary care which these horses demand. As it is obvious that the damage which trotters receive in their feet, joints, and sinews, arises from their violent and incessant thumping the hard road, common sense will naturally prescribe moderate and sparing exercise and soft ways. And whenever you see a fellow wantonly rattling his horse over a pavement, you may fairly presume a natural affinity between the skull of the jockey, and the materials with which his course is strewed; and, even if you go so far as to wish a happy contact between them, humanity herself will forgive you."

WHEN TO SOW CLOVER.

Harris of the *Agriculturist* writes as follows on this subject:

"My own practice is to harrow the wheat three times in the spring. We go over the wheat both ways with the harrows, and then sow the clover seed and follow with the harrows to cover the seed. If the ground is very hard the harrows do not break up the crust sufficiently to afford a good covering for the seed, and if dry weather follows we have a poor catch on these hard spots. I have my doubts as to which is the better plan, but am inclined to think that so far as securing a good catch of timothy and clover is concerned, it is better to give up harrowing winter wheat in the spring and to sow timothy seed in the fall and clover seed very early in the spring. It depends very much on the soil and season. The harrowing helps the wheat and kills a good many weeds, and on sandy loam the harrow leaves a good seed bed for the clover, and if we are favored with a few showers we are pretty sure of a good catch of clover.

Last year all my clover failed. My wheat also is a poor crop. And I do not feel like giving advice. I am enjoying a short spell of humility. I have to whistle and keep working. I try to look at the bright side. I have thirty-two acres of capital barley seeded down with clover and timothy, which seems to be a good catch. But my clover last fall was just as promising and yet it was all winter-killed except along the fences and dead furrows, where the snow protected it. I do not like to own it even to myself, but I think I weakened the young clover plants by letting my sheep and pigs pasture it too close last fall. I shall at any rate keep them out of my clover this fall.

I had an old timothy meadow which I pastured last fall pretty close. This year the hay was not over half a ton per acre. I had another meadow, which, owing to the fact that we sowed part of the field to rye, we could not pasture after the first of September. The grass on this meadow was as thick and heavy as it could grow. We got more hay from one acre of this meadow than from four acres of the other. I have always thought that it did not hurt meadows to pasture them in the fall, but last winter was so unusually cold and the soil so dry with little or no snow to cover it, that a slight cost of grass was of great value as a protection from the severe cold winds, and also probably proved useful as a mulch during the dry weather of spring.

I have also twenty-two acres of good rye, seeded down last fall with timothy and the drier portions sown also with clover in the spring The field has a cheerful look. Three or four acres, where I manured heavily for mangolds four years ago, is a particularly pleasant spot to visit during a fit of the blues. The rye is six feet high and as stout as it can grow. It is the cheapest and most profitable crop I have raised for years. It was a rough piece of low land which we sowed with oats two years ago and seeded down. But the seed did not take well, and so I concluded to plough it up and seed it down again early in September with timothy alone. But after the field was all prepared the Deacon persuaded me to sow rye and seed down with it. I am glad I took his advice, though I am not sure but I should have done better to have sown timothy alone."

Fish Culture.

THE ARTIFICIAL HATCHING OF WHITEFISH.

Mr. Wilmot, who is not inaptly termed the father of pisciculturists in Canada, appears to be almost ubiquitous in the Dominion. Now we hear of him at the newly erected hatchery of Petite Cote, a few miles below Windsor, on the Detroit River, superintending the hatching of whitefish in the buildings which were erected at his suggestion. The Windsor *Record* says that a good deal of difficulty, owing to various causes, has so far been experienced in procuring female fish from which to take the eggs; but it is believed that from this date they will be supplied as rapidly as needed. The process is this: A female ready to spawn is relieved of its eggs, which are placed in a vessel and impregnated with milt taken from a male, after which the eggs are spread evenly, one layer deep, in seives, containing each 10,000, and submerged in vats beneath river water, which, by clever contrivances, is kept continually running in regular quantities over and between them. Once in twenty-four hours the tray or seives are taken out and the eggs carefully examined, and every unhealthy one removed, that the most perfect cleanliness—an imperative condition of success—may be observed. This routine is continued until the month of April, when the delicate, transparent fishings will burst their shells and emerge into their future element, to be retained in a suitable tank only long enough to acquire strength to provide for themselves, when they will be deposited in the river. In three years they will attain full growth.

The house will be capable of receiving and hatching 100,000,000 eggs, but it is questionable if more than half that number can be put down this season. Eggs that are deposited in the rivers and creeks in the natural way suffer dreadfully from natural enemies before hatching, only from four to six per cent. escaping, whereas about thirty per cent. of the artificially hatched eggs yield mature fishes.

Away out in the river an induction pipe is laid, connecting with a large well under the building, by means of which the well is filled with pure, filtered water up to the level of the river. From this well the supply required is pumped by a little upright steam engine, built at the Waterous Engine Works at Brantford, into reservoirs, raised so that the bottom is slightly higher than the top of the troughs or vats into which the eggs are placed. A pipe connects the reservoir with the vats, and a faucet enables a greater or less flow to be let on. The head of water allowed is just sufficient to create a steady current and constant change of water, just as would be the case naturally. The vats are all connected by pipes, and the water entering at the upper end passes through the mu titudinous compartments into which the vats are divided, and emerges into a tub at the lower end, from which it escapes back to the river. Pure fresh water of a particular temperature, plenty of light, and scrupulous cleanliness are all that is necessary to make success a certainty; and the Petite Cote establishment is as well designed and situated to ensure these as could be desired.

FISH CULTURE.—The United States fish hatching establishment on the McCloud river, a branch of the upper Sacramento, has been operated with great success during the past year. Over 9,000,000 salmon eggs have been obtained, of which 6,210,000 were sent east, arriving in good condition and with small loss in hatching. The remainder when developed will be placed in the Sacramento river. The eggs shipped east were put up in packages of 80,000 each in alternate layers with damp moss. They were then packed in crates in pairs, surrounded by stuffing to prevent jarring. The total weight of the consignment was over 20,000 pounds; the bulk of the eggs alone was 80 bushels.

☞ A Virginia correspondent writes:—"We hope to get a good law from our Legislature, preventing the killing or taking game out of season by any one (even owners of land or water), thus protecting animals at their breeding seasons. The Norfolk Game Protective Association has issued circulars inviting united action on the part of naturalists, farmers, sportsmen, and good citizens generally. Interest in healthy sport, in fish culture, game preservation and such subjects, is increasing in this State and is largely due to the efforts of our leading sporting journals."—*Forest and Stream.*

The Sheepfold.

SHEEP PAY BEST.

In "Some Sheep Talk," in the *National Live Stock Journal* an experienced stock keeper says:

I have been feeding some three hundred head of cattle, and I am satisfied that, even with the most favorable conditions for selling when the time comes, I shall make a great deal more money, dollar for dollar, on the money I have invested in sheep, than I shall make on the capital invested in cattle. I have about six hundred sheep, running without any particular attention or care, and have sold one thousand four hundred dollars' worth of wool of this year's clip, and have two hundred and fifty lambs besides. I do not think it possible to have done so well on any equal amount of capital invested in cattle. One great advantage sheep have over other stock is, they never die of the contagious diseases which they contract. They get the scab or foot-rot, or something else, and if unchecked it gets them in bad condition, and would ultimately, perhaps, kill them. But the very worst contagious diseases to which sheep are subject, give the owner ample time to treat the affected animals, and the diseases are generally of a character which yield readily to treatment.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The English notice the spread of the foot and mouth disease among the dogs in the neighborhood of Thirsk, Yorkshire. The disease now seems to be spreading among the Shepherds dogs. One farmer states that his dog caught the epidemic through being worked among a flock of sheep which had the disease. Lord Hampton gives a recipe for the treatment of the disease. Mix one ounce of chlorate of potash in a quart of warm water; add one tablespoonful of camphorated spirits. Give this dose three successive mornings. Most successful if given the moment the disease shows itself, and, moreover, a wonderful preventive.

Correspondence.

GRAPES AND SUNSHINE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Few fruits are more dainty of localities than the grape. Eminently a child of the sun, it revels in the almost vertical rays received by a steep Southern exposure. In fact, it is exceedingly difficult to raise a first quality of this fruit, on a partially shady site or upon a northern slope. We have never succeeded with such varieties as the Delaware, the Wilder, Salem, Creveling, or Isabella where the exposure to the sun was not direct. It want's the sun's heat for producing a sweet and luscious fruit. We have tested the hardy Concord on a north and south exposure, when the difference in quality was so great, as to lead good judges to pronounce the two, of different kinds. It is for this, with other reasons that the protected sunny slopes of this vicinity are so eagerly sought for by vine dressers. No fruit repays a little care and attention better than grapes. Set a couple of good healthy Concords, a Wilder (Rogers' No. 4), and a Delaware, along the sunny side of your buildings, and with a little care in trellising and laying down of the two last in winter, you can easily supply a family with an abundance of this most luscious fruit. Soap suds, ashes and pounded bones are fertilizers which amply return their cost in the abundance and quality of the fruit they produce. A. W. S.

EVERGREENS IN THE ORCHARDS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

You, Mr. Editor, probably know that many years since I advocated the intermingling of evergreens among the fruit trees of an orchard. The ameliorating influence which an evergreen of fifty feet high, planted and grown, every one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet among an orchard of fruit, can only be known and appreciated by those, who in times of severe winds, cold, etc., have stood upon the lee side of them. My early education in fruit growing, was on the Long Island Sound in the town of Guilford, Conn., and the best trees that my father had were those planted amid the rocky knolls, where the red cedar sheltered the fruit trees in blossom, and when heavy lo

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE---BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

speaker sought for beauty first in his colts. The time was when a horse was considered valuable if he could "go," no matter how he looked. But now beauty is considered of more importance. So he bred first for beauty, secondly for docility, and thirdly for speed.

He had been asked to tell what it was that made a horse trot. He would say what it was not; it was not the whip, nor was it the way the horse was driven. The best way to drive a horse was to let him alone. He wished it was the custom to drive without reins. There were a few gifted, phophetic men, like Charley Green, Budd Doble and others, who knew exactly what to do, but for common drivers the best way was to let the horse alone. If a horse was a trotter he didn't need to be made one; he would show it. If he wasn't a trotter, he, Mr. Murray, didn't want to have anything to do with any attempt to make him one.

The lecture was listened to with great attention, and generally created a favorable impression upon the audience. Many came from considerable distances to hear it, and if the Hall had been warm enough to admit of comfort they would have been well paid.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

"Boulder Rocks, their Origin, History and Uses."

formed the opening subject for the afternoon session, with a lecture by Dr. James R. Nichols, of Haverhill, Editor of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

The consideration of their origin, he said, carries us back to a very remote antiquity. It is referred to the gradual condensation of the vapor out of which worlds are made, and the various steps from that primitive distant beginning down to the solid boulders we find to-day.

What is the origin of these rocks? We find them scattered over our farms, not apparently belonging there and unlike any other rocks in the neighborhood. They are the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that the knowledge has that it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet it knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandural Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases,—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

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July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength restorer.

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WALTHAM FARMERS' CLUB.

Time and Places of Meeting, the Subjects, and the Leaders of Discussion.

Dec. 7, 1875. Edward Jones, Weston street. Annual Meeting. The result of farming for the year; the experiments tried and the probable value if continued. E. N. Pierce, Chas. L. Viles, E. P. Smith, Elijah Brown.

Dec. 14. Sidney E. Tyler, West street. Country houses and barns; the best styles, situations and internal arrangements. Nathan Warren, J. C. Thorpe, Dr. J. W. Wills, D. S. Ellis.

Dec. 21. Dr. E. R. Cutler, Main street. Farmers' Clubs. Is the Farmers' Club of Waltham, as now conducted, any benefit to the Town or profit to the Farmers; if not how can it be made so? J. W. Fairbanks, Rev. T. F. Fales, R. W. Land, W. L. Fisher.

Jan. 4, 1876. William Roberts, South street. The average condition of Farmers compared with the average condition of those engaged in mechanical and manufacturing industries. Geo. B. Williams, Thos. H. Armstrong, Thos. Kirke, Chas. D. Kendall.

Jan. 11. Chas. D. Kendall, Belmont. The best breeds of cows, the best method of feeding for the production of milk, and the best and most profitable way of disposing of it. Oel Farnsworth, Benj. Wellington, Geo. B. Harrington, Sidney E. Tyler.

Jan. 18. J. W. Fairbanks, Main street. Sewerage and the utilization of sewage. Dr. R. S. Weaver, Wm. A. Roberts, Dr. E. R. Cutler, J. R. Farnum.

Jan 25. Festival.

Feb. 1. Geo. B. Williams, Linden street. In what way can the highways of this Town be kept in order with the least possible expense? E. B. Armstrong, I. R. Scott, E. S. Stanley, N. L. Glazier.

Feb. 8. Horatio Moore, Pine Street. Can any of the appropriations for Town purposes in this Town be materially reduced without detriment to the public good? Wm. Roberts, Dr. E. Wheeler, R. B. Foster, J. S. Williams.

Feb. 15. J. W. Silver, Church street. The education of children. Is it not as important and as much the duty of the State to see to it, that they are brought up to some useful employment, as to require them to attend school? Dr. O. E. Hunt, Geo. A. Bates, Rev. Benton Smith, David Randall.

Feb. 29. Francis Buttrick, Common street. The raising of flowers as a business and a pastime. The soil and treatment they should receive, and the best varieties for house plants. Horace F. Warren, Chas. Harrington, A. P. Smith, Geo. H. Rogers.

TURF NOTES.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of November 24, noticing the postponement of the great four-mile race, says:—"Even if the track were in condition the horses would be unable to put in an appearance. Springbok, Wildidle and the rest of the 'flyers,' with the exception of Rutherford, are more or less affected by the epizooty and in no condition whatever for a four-mile heat. The damp and disagreeable weather of the past two weeks has aggravated the distemper, and it will take till the holidays to get the horses in proper shape again."

The American Girl, recently dead, came into the possession of William Lovell in 1867, then five years old. She won for her owner in 1868, $4,000; in 1869, $18,500; in 1870, $3,300; in 1871, $15,400; in 1872, $13,450; in 1873, $14,000; in 1874, $17,650; in 1875, $7,400. Total, in eight years, $102,800, or an average of $12,850 per year.

The Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, England, 1877, was closed with 105 subscribers against 87 subscribers in 1876, and the Ascot Derby shows an increase of 10 subscribers.

The Farmer City (Ill.) *Journal* of November 11 announces the death of the famous trotting mule, Jennie, caused by the burning of a barn in which she was kept by that place:—"In the fire that burned Rathbun's livery stable last week was lost the most wonderful trotting mule in the world, as the following record shows. In addition to that fact it is a curiosity, and one that can make as fast time as one-half the race horses in the country is something that was unheard of in racing circles until the advent of Jennie. She was nearly built, fifteen hands in height and was aged ten years at the time of her death. She was raised in Indiana, where Dan Wills, hearing of her training abilities, traded a team of horses for her. Although she had never had any regular training, she made a record in Indiana of a mile heat in 2:46 and a half mile at the rate of 2:42."

Mr. Sanford's horses were sent to Newmarket as soon as they were off the steamer Holland at London. They are now at Matthew Dawson's Chesterfield stables.

Australian papers of September 4 say that the Australian Jockey Club Derby was won by Mr. Branch's Richmond, by Maribyrnong, and it was the fastest that had ever been run on an Australian course. Distance, one mile and a half, time, 2:42 4-10. The Great Metropolitan Stakes was won by Mr. J Tait's Goldsborough. Distance, two miles; time, 3:32 5-10. In the Spring Stakes, Sir H. Robinson's Kingsborough was first and Goldsborough second.

☞ The skeleton of the horse that carried Gen. Sheridan on his historic 20 mile ride to Winchester, Va., is owned by a Rochester (N. Y.) man, and is to be exhibited at the Centennial.

MERCHANT SOLD. Messrs. E. J. Hubbell & Bro., of Knox county, Ill., have sold the two year old colt Herculean, by Krudyk's Hambletonian, out of Dull Grant by Kentucky Farmer, to Mr. Reed, of the Grand Grove farm.

IMPORTATION OF NORMAN HORSES.—Mr. M. W. Dunham of Wayne, Ill., has just imported thirty-three Norman mares and stallions, the largest importation of this stock ever made at one time into this country. Most of them are black, but there are some dark colors to suit the ever varying tastes of the American people. The weights vary from 1,400 to 2,000 pounds for the mares, and the stallions can be a considerable number of two year olds, yearlings and sucking colts from previous importations.

THE CALIFORNIA FOUR-MILE-HEAT FIASCO.—The announcements of the repeated postponements of the great four-mile-heat race in California, for a purse of $30,000 in gold, offered by the Pacific Jockey Club, although productive of widespread disappointment throughout the entire racing community, also created a general feeling of sympathy for the turf organization which had, with such princely liberality, hung up such a magnificent prize for public competition, and whose hopes of a New Year's festival meeting had been cruelly blasted by unfavorable weather. We regret to learn, however, from the most reliable authority, that such sympathy for the Pacific Jockey Club was entirely wasted and misplaced, and that the pretended munificence and liberality of that body was all a delusion and a snare. Instead of ever intending to give a $30,000 purse, to be run for as announced, with an allowance of $1,000 for expenses for horses that entered from east of the Rocky Mountains, the following is the actuable Club, after the entries closed, coolly informed the parties making such entries, that they would give them nothing more than the mere money, after deducting the track expenses. It must not be forgotten that the entrance money of the nine horses entered for the $30,000 purse amounted to $27,000, so the $5,000 each, from which a deduction of $5,000 must be made for the allowance for expenses for the five Eastern horses engaged, thus leaving the Club actually responsible for only $8,000 against which the entire gate money, purchase of pool privileges, and other sources of revenue, must be placed. The entire advertisement of the purse was, therefore, a fraudulent dishonorable, got up by a pseudo turf club in the interest of a gigantic speculation, on the basis of anticipated gate receipts, and thereby calculated to inflict irreparable injury on the interests and prosperity of the California turf. Horses, their owners, and attendants, had been allured by the flash announcement of a great purse from every part of the country, many of them having to traverse the entire Continent, in the expectation of participating in a fair, honorable race, and were met by the astounding announcement that nothing more than the gate money would be given. Even the skies appear to have frowned on such dishonorable management, and by the downpour of rain, prevented the consummation of the contemplated fraud. The Pacific Jockey Club themselves seem at last to have become ashamed of their action, for on November 24th they returned the entrance money to the several respective owners of the horses, and the great $30,000 purse in gold has ended in a disgraceful fiasco.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

☞ The St. Paul's Episcopal Society, of Dedham, has erected in the church yard a monument in commemoration of Rev. Samuel Babcock, D. D., who for forty-one years was rector of that church. The monument is of white marble, and surmounted by a Greek cross.

☞ It is alleged that the President will send a special message to Congress next week, making special mention of our Spanish relations.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, XII: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! It it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that his knowledge tells him it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet it knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandural Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases,—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

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CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—The ladies in various localities of the State are showing decided energy in connection with the Centennial.

☞ The finance board of the Centennial commissioners have got their memorial drawn up ready for presentation to Congress on the first opportunity. They ask for $1,500,000.

☞ The salary of the clerk is $5,000 per year, and there are perquisites amounting to another thousand. Including messengers and clerks he has about 70 appointments in his hands, ranging from $1200 to $3000 per annum. The salary of the sergeant at arms is $4200; he has the appointment of two clerks, with high salaries, and a messenger. The doorkeeper has a smaller salary, but more patronage; his pay is $3000 a year, and he has an assistant at $2500. His appointments, including pages, messengers and assistants in the document room, number about 100 persons.

☞ A movement is on foot to handsomely uniform and equip 1000 soldiers of the late war, and name the body the "Veteran Centennial Corps," and it is proposed that the corps visit Philadelphia on the 4th of July next. It is intended to select the men from every part of the State, and possibly all New England may be represented in the corps.

It is proposed that the New England farmer's log house of 100 years ago, to be exhibited at the Centennial, in which will be pictured the home, with the spinning of wool and flax, quilting and knitting, and the serving of an old time dinner, be built by the Veteran Centennial Corps, and it is proposed that the corps visits

READ AND RUN.

—Ulsterettes are as common among the boys as boys are themselves.

—The four-mile heat race for $30,000 is to come off at San Francisco between the 22d and 26 insts.

—The last musical gem is called "The Heifer Dance." Farmers ought to feel interested.

—The high qualifications of the speakers who appear this season before the different State Boards of Agriculture in New England is to be particularly noted.

—There are significant hints that the Government may even invade Mexican territory, in its pursuit of the cattle-raiders from across the border, about whose conduct Mexico manifests such provoking indifference.

—The recent decease of Judge Wells, for the past nine years one of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court, has called forth from the bar and the bench tributes of marked eloquence to his learning, his judicial ability and integrity, and the general beauty of his character.

—The Treasury Department has rescinded its construction of the clause in the condensed tariff of 1874 relative to the double duty on imported washed wool, and turned the matter over to Congress for its more distinct direction.

—Warm beds are among the many other articles offered for Holiday gifts. If, now, a guarantee of sound sleep could be given along with them, 'twould amount to something.

—That broad story about a hundred acres of coal-mine roofing having fallen in, in the Wyoming Valley, is spoiled by the offer of some one to clear up the debris for a few hundred dollars.

—The trial of Piper for the murder of little Mabel Young, in the belfry of one of our city churches last summer, is progressing this week.

—The windows of the stores are all brightening up with the Christmas things. It makes the heart beat a little livelier, to see them in their brilliant attractiveness.

—Rev. Mr. Murray's Friday evening "Talks" to the people of his parish are becoming more and more of an institution, so to speak. They are read in their published form with as great a relish as they are listened to.

—There are some six hundred of the oldtime hatching-ovens still in operation in Egypt, into which go at least ten million eggs every year.

—And now ex-Gov. Ward, of New Jersey, declines the Indian Commissionership.

—A local dealer advertises "character" wigs. Those skull-caps more frequently conceal character than proclaim it.

—It costs a million dollars to officer Boston properly, every year.

—"I Klean close" is what a sign reads, on one of the large streets in Boston. His spelling ought to be "Kleaned out."

—Tilton is to receive $25,000 for one hundred lectures.

—The new Common Fence occasions a deal of satirical commentary, and not unjustly.

—A telegraphic operator in New York feels sure that he has discovered a new force, which he styles "etheric" force. It is said to have a wonderful affection for gas pipes.

—Death has been exceedingly busy among our prominent public men of late, as well as with the distinguished citizens of the community.

—For the past three months, Old Probabilities has predicted seventy-five per cent. of the weather correctly, which is near enough.

—It is regarded as one of the encouraging signs of the times that several bodies of working men, in New York, are voluntarily reducing their own wages.

—Dejazet, the versatile French actress, has died at last, at the age of seventy-seven, of which seventy two years were passed on the stage for the amusement of the public.

—The last pun of the year is called that on the sausage, describing it as "the ground hog."

—The Secretary of the Navy has been officially called in to decide that the vessel to which Commander Winslow gave immortal fame was named after Mount Kearsarge rather than Mount Kiersarge, both in New Hampshire, which also has other mountains to spare.

—It was the poet Campbell who happily said that Washington Irving had clarified the English language. That is classical enough.

—Thirty more Chinese students have come to the United States to be educated, and are at Springfield. Their term of education will run on for fifteen years.

—The whaling fleet of San Francisco consists of eleven vessels, and sixteen thousand barrels of oil were its yield this year.

—There are five condemned murderers in the New York Tombs, awaiting execution.

—Mr. Avery, American Minister to China, whose death is chronicled, was formerly a California journalist.

—Christmas shopping every day grows livelier. It's getting to be fun.

—Barnum says he has no idea of going out of the show business, but means to have a Centennial affair out, in due time.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who is coming to pay us a visit next year, will leave his daughter to carry on his part of the Government for him.

—The Prince of Wales appears to be having a famous time of it in India.

—The list of murders, suicides and catastrophes continues large even to astonishment.

—Winter came in like a lion—let us try to believe it will go out the other way.

—The interest shown in the agricultural conventions which are becoming one of the striking features of the winter season, is the most welcome proof of the growth of the farming sentiment in all parts of New England.

—Mr. John M. Way, a well-known lawyer of this city, was arrested last week and brought before the Municipal Court on a charge of robbery and assault. It was all about the possession of a mortgage.

—The United States Navy Yard at Philadelphia has been sold at auction for one million dollars.

—The subsidy lobby has organized in strong force for an assault on the present Congress. It is to be hoped it will meet with the rebuff it provokes.

—"The more Turkey is menaced," says the London Times to the Imperial alliance, "the firmer must become our hold on the Suez Canal."

—The Cologne *Gazette*, in speaking of Bismark's frequently reported indispositions, says that "his malady is reduced to an excess of ill-temper."

—The lesson of Charles O'Conner's fatal illness is, that men require some play, instead of everlasting work.

—Emily Faithfull has a new strange notion about the reports and criticisms of the American press. She should come to this country again.

—We do not mean it a point to fill this column with the murders, suicides and deeds of violence that are to be picked up in our daily exhanges. We prefer to make it newsy and cheery for all to enjoy themselves in.

—Paris does not allow beggars to appear at all in the foreign quarters, but for all that there are sixty-five professional mendicants in the city, a far larger host than London submits to.

—The engineers are engaged in making the preliminary soundings for the tunnel under the English Channel, which is to connect France with England. Pneumatic tubes are to be employed in the work of construction.

—Italy is said to be negotiating with England for the cession of the island of St. Helena, on which to establish a penal colony.

—Speaker Kerr was secretly married when but eighteen years of age, to a girl who was considerably his senior, and the match has in all respects proved a happy one.

—Germany, by advice of Prince Bismark, has determined not to frame any more repressive ecclesiastical measures.

The Cuban matter rests quiet, there being no danger of any immediate difficulty with Spain.

—New York is going still more largely into be construction of apartment houses, which mean those on the French flat plan. They are proving very successful as investments.

—Up in Canada, a man has been exhibiting a rat-hunting snake. He goes into the holes and drives them out, and a smart terrier stands ready to snap them up.

—It is conceded by competent critics that the stage is improving its character under the discipline of the rigid times. All ill-wind blows some good.

—The Spanish Cabinet Council has decided on the formation of two armies, for operation against the Carlist forces in Spain.

—Prang, of chromo fame, is selling his collection of paintings at auction.

—It is said that Tupper is thinking better of that proposed Centennial tragedy, since reading the remarks of the American newspapers.

—The escape of "Boss" Tweed from the custody of his keepers in New York, and his reported sailing for Europe, created the great sensation of the week in New York, and a hardly less sensation throughout the country.

—A military court of inquiry has been named by the President on the case of Gen. Babcock, his Private Secretary, in connexion with the Whiskey Rings.

—The Fair in aid of the Mass. Infant Asylum is in progress in this city during the current week, and is one of the noticeable affairs of the day. Everybody interests himself and herself in the little ones.

—Wm. M. Evarts is to be the orator, and H. W. Longfellow the poet, at the Centennial.

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To the Heir-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of BRIDGET McKERNAN, late of Stoneham, in said county, deceased, Greeting.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by PATRICK McKERNAN, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said county of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of December instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Caesar M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this seventh day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

dec11-3t

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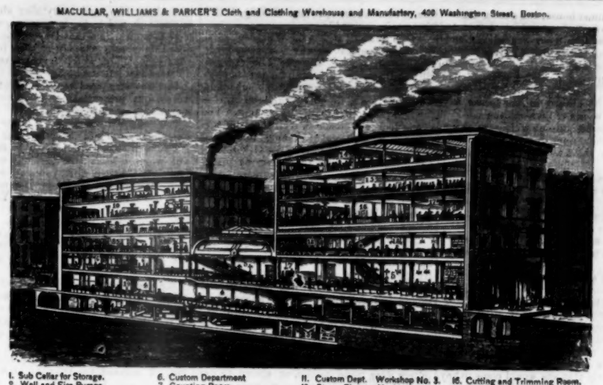

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The Clothing which we offer in this Department is all made in our own workshops, under our immediate supervision, and is warranted first-class in every respect. In this, as in the department for Custom Work the operatives are thoroughly experienced in the various branches of labor. The work is done almost entirely by hand. All garments manufactured for this branch of our business are made as thoroughly as those made in the Custom Department, and are of the latest styles. Each garment is plainly marked at reasonable prices from which no deviation is made.

For specialties in this Department we are now offering a large assortment of Business Suits, manufactured from fine all-wool and Silk mixed Cassimeres and Oberiots, the best products of the Harris, Eddy, Broad Brook, and other first class mills, at prices ranging from

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In this department are to be found the various goods which go to make up a gentleman's wardrobe, such as

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Altogether our various Departments are well stocked with their respective goods, to which your attention is invited.

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER,

400 Washington Street.

BOSTON.

☞ Entrance to Wholesale Department,

81 HAWLEY STREET.

dec11-1t

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Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at Public Auction on the premises hereinafter described, which are situated in Concord, in said County, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right and title which HORACE P. POTTER and CHARLES H. POTTER, of Boston, minors, have in and to the following real estate.

Lot No. 1. Twenty acres of woodland of the estate of John Potter, late of Arlington, deceased.

Lot No. 2. Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-five feet of land on Potter Street. The other owners will sell at the same time, so that the purchaser of either lot will obtain a good title to the whole of the same.

LEWIS BOUILLARD, Guardian.
Acton, Nov. 27, 1875. nov27-3t*

Farm for Sale.

Fifteen miles from Boston, 50 acres of good land in a high state of cultivation, well divided for mowing, pasture, etc.; House, 11 rooms, in good repair, situated on high land, shaded by fine Elm trees with driveways, etc., commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, ½ mile from depot and churches, ½ mile from school, a pleasant neighborhood; Barn 58x30 feet, with necessary outbuildings, large Apple Orchard of choice fruit, 100 nice Pear Trees of choice varieties, 400 Currant Bushes, a large lot of Grape Vines, and Cherry Trees, also Gooseberry, Black berry and Quince Bushes, a nice Strawberry Bed, Asparagus, etc.; will keep 12 head of Cattle. A lot at the door, a nice Peat Meadow of several acres, and Cranberry Meadow, etc. Price $4000, half cash, balance on easy terms.

This is a rare choice for a person wishing to purchase; it must be sold immediately; it is seldom one runs such a desirable Farm for sale at so low a price. Stock and tools will be sold with the place if declired. Address or apply to A. JOHNSON,
16 Marshall street, Boston Mass.
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KENDALL STOCK FARM
Woburn, Mass.
nov26-tf

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

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The Poet's Corner.

WHITTIER'S POEM.

READ AT THE LATE DEDICATION OF THE HAVERHILL PUBLIC LIBRARY.

"Let there be light," God spake of old,
And over chaos dark and cold,
And, through the dead and formless frame
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man;
And mind at length, in symbols dark
Its meaning traced in stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge wrought roll
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thought; and ages passed,
And lo! the Press was found at last.

The dead souls woke; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust revived again;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spoke, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
The kings of mind again we crown,
We hear the sage's word; we trace
The footprints of our human race.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills around the alcoved hall,
The lord of thought await our call!

Ladies' Department.

HELEN DYVOR AND I.

A Story of a Thousand Pounds.

BY J. W. SANDERS.

Helen was a beauty, and made a decided sensation the season before that just over, when she had been brought out under high-favorable auspices at a ball given by the Countess of Westlake; for her father, a distant connection of mine, though plain Mr. Dyvor, of Dyvor Terrace, was closely bound by marriage with many noble families. I met her at half a dozen fashionable houses, and got into her good graces in rather an odd way.

All the young men to whom she deigned to speak, cast themselves down before her in adoration. In this way she got to look upon adoration as a right which, whether she pleased or no, would be offered up to her, of course. (Be it understood that Helen had much to commend her besides her good looks, being Dyvor's only child.)

Among young ladies she made few acquaintances, and no friends. They were jealous, as a rule, for that. Pretty well spoilt the petted heiress grew to be, I can tell you.

Now, I myself had seen very many seasons even when Helen had been playing about her nursery in short frocks, and in that time had flirted with many *debutantes*, having in real truth grown to be utterly weary of that amusement. I was rapidly growing to be a confirmed old bachelor; I never went to a ball unless I happened to be ready for a dinner and then often when on my way found it impossible to resist the temptation of lounging away the evening in the smoking room of my club. All this led me to be callous to Helen's charms. Therefore, being on very intimate terms with her father, and with herself from a child, and twice her age, I thought that instead of offering up incense at her shrine, as the custom was, I would do her a really friendly turn by snubbing her a little.

I must explain that, being her father's friend I knew that I must appear to her to belong to the generation before her own, though always having heard me called "George," she had grown from a child into the habit of using that name herself. Consequently we never met without having a little sparring match; but whether she was witty, or whether she lost her temper, I always remained imperturbably good humored and indifferent to the charms of her bright eyes, wavy auburn hair and lovely features.

We fell into the old habit, when I, after a long absence abroad, went down on the visit to Dyvor Terrace, to which I have alluded. We were a very pleasant party. Mr. Dyvor was a hearty, high bred English gentleman, who, next to doing good to his neighbors, took no greater pleasure in his wealth than that of using it for the pleasure and entertainment of his friends. There were about a dozen of us, all counted, who moved in the same circles in town, had much the same tastes, and above all, the sexes were properly balanced. As for Helen, she was sometimes unaccountably depressed, and once or twice when I surprised her alone, I had good reason to believe that she had been crying.

I felt sure that some trouble or anxiety had come to chequer the brightness of her life, and when on these occasions I found her marked with the traces of tears, I tried to talk to her kindly and seriously, but she always broke out into some unnaturally gay banter, and would not be drawn into any confidences, until one memorable day of which I shall soon speak. The limit which I had set to my visit was gradually drawing near. A lovely autumn day had melted into a perfect evening. "The charmed sunset lingered low a-down in the red west," and the air was so still that the leaves of the trees did not even rustle, and you could hear the twittering of every bird that was near. It was after dinner, and I had strolled down the old fashioned flower garden, to where it ended at a lane leading by a circuit into the high road to the village.

I had hent my steps to a summer house, which stood with its back to this lane, where I intended to sit down quietly, and finish my cigar by myself. As I turned a corner which brought me suddenly before it, I was surprised to see it already occupied, and by Helen. In the garden she generally wore a broad brimmed hat, but now she had a bonnet and mantle on, and a parasol lay on the little table before her. On this she was resting her elbows, with her face buried in her delicate white hands, her fingers pressed tightly over her forehead. At the sound of my footsteps on the gravel, she started up with a look of alarm.

"Helen," I said, in a tone of some surprise.

She was silent a moment swallowing a sob, and then answered with a struggle, in the old voice, that jarred horribly upon my nerve, when I saw she was really in much grief.

"Well, sir, mayn't I take an evening walk in the garden like other people, without asking Mr. George Harley's leave?"

"I beg your pardon," I said very gravely, "if my tone seemed to hint at a reproof, which I assuredly should have no wish to give, even if I had, as I have not, the shadow of a right to exercise authority over you."

"How extremely courteous we are this evening. Have we discovered a copy of 'Sir Charles Grandison' in the library?"

It was painful to hear that hollow tone of gayety, when I could see the tears ready to start out of her beautiful eyes. I was silent for a moment, as I had no right to seek her confidence, and was quite unable to ignore her visible grief. Then I said, resting my arm upon the table near her own:

"I am grave, because I can only answer you gayly when I see you are really light at heart. Believe me, however, that even if it is impossible for you to hide from me the fact that you are in trouble, I would no more seek to pry into your confidence than I would read one of your letters if it chanced to come into my hands unclosed. I beg your pardon for having interrupted you, and believe me, you may safely forget that I have done so, unless I can do anything for you, in which case I do hope that you will remember it."

I was about turning away to leave her, when she called me back by the question:

"Will you do me a favor and ask no questions?"

"If it is in my power—yes."

"I want you to give me a thousand pounds. I cannot ask papa for it, for he would have the right to question me as to the use I intend to put it to, and that, above all other things, is what I wish to avoid. You will think this very strange, and I cannot explain but believe me, I want the money for no unworthy purpose."

"Helen, I do not for one moment suppose that your trouble, whatever it may be, is of an unworthy nature. I will go to the house and draw the check. You will wait here, will you not?"

"Oh, you will promise me," she cried, looking up, and putting her hand upon my arm; "you will promise me not to breathe a word of this to any one."

"I promise you," I said, "never to do so without your full consent."

Then I left her, and turned back toward the house.

When, after a lapse of five or ten minutes, I returned with the check, Helen was standing, leaning with one hand against the door post of the summer house, and gazing eagerly up the pathway, down which I had to come. She had drawn on her gloves and had her parasol in her hand. Her fingers trembled as she folded up the check which I had silently given her, and put it in her purse.

"It would be absurd in me to use any commonplace words of thanks," she said.

"As it would be quite unnecessary. I am under many obligations to your father. This is service to his child by no means repays them."

"Good bye for the present," she said, giving me her hand; "you will not follow me?"

"Are you going out?"

"I must for a short time."

"But you are sure that you are safe? Would it not be much better that I should follow you?"

I was really alarmed for her.

"Indeed! indeed! I know I am safe. Oh, you must not follow me; it would spoil all."

I was sorely puzzled what to do; but after some hesitation, I decided to let her alone. I might be really spoiling that mysterious "all" whatever it was, if in my ignorance of its nature, I insisted. Besides, it was not likely that she would come to any virtual bodily harm, whatever might be the fate of that thousand pounds.

"Very well then," I said, "I will leave you; but in that case, I must say good-bye for more than the present. I have to go up town this evening."

She colored again, and said quickly, "You are disgusted with me, and are leaving in consequence."

"Believe me, no," I said, earnestly; "I am going on business."

"But you had no thought of leaving this morning. Why are you going now?"

I wished to spare her the annoyance of knowing why I went; but I saw that, in her present sensitive state of mind, the annoyance of leaving her in ignorance would be greater, so I told her, with a smile:

"I must go up to provide funds at the banker's for the payment of your check, which, I take it, will soon be presented."

She hung down her head and again blushed deeply. Then, looking up with a very sweet though sad smile, she said:

"I repeat that it can be but absurd for me to use any commonplace words of thanks. So good-bye. You will not let it be longer than you can help before you come to see us again?"

I promised, and then she passed out of the gate into the lane, and went away.

"Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing;
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before,"

as Edgar Poe sings, and then I again turned round and went up towards the house.

I soon packed up my portmanteau, told a servant to take it to the railway station; left a note for my host, apologising for my abrupt departure, (I dreaded an interview less, in connect with his frank nature, I should let out some of the things I had promised to conceal), and then set out to walk to the station, declining the phaeton which the servant offered to have prepared.

The railway station was some distance on the other side of the village, which was a mile or so from Dyvor Terrace. I did not know exactly the times of the trains, though I knew there was an evening train to town. I stopped, therefore, at the village inn, where I knew there was a time table. The landlord was at the door, and he respectfully saluted me, the glory of the Terrace being in his eye, over all its guests. He told me the time at which the train passed, which was an hour and a half from then.

I was annoyed at finding that I had so long to wait, and turned into the coffee room. Strolling about the room, my eye fell upon a portentous volume on the mantelpiece, I know not what curiosity prompted me to stoop down and examine the name upon its brass plate; but when I did so, I felt my heart beat quickly, for the name upon the plate was "Sir John Stagg." I knew this man as a ruined gambler and unscrupulous adventurer who had, in spite of a reputation even then a good deal blemished, moved in good society before my departure from England, but who had disappeared, and of whom I could hear no very definite tidings after my return. His presence in the neighborhood at once connected itself in my mind with the strange incident that had just taken place. I felt quite certain that he was the man for whom my thousand pounds were destined, and that he had in some way got poor Helen to fancy herself in his power.

"Waiter, where's my portmanteau?" I heard a harsh voice outside say at this moment.

"Portmanteau, sir; in the coffee room, sir; bring it to you in a moment, sir."

"Stay, is there any one there?"

"No, sir."

The waiter had not seen my entrance, as I had spoken only to the landlord.

"Very well, then; bring me some note paper and pens there; I want to write a note."

There were two doors to the room. One through which I had entered from the hall, and towards which I heard footsteps now approach; another which stood open, and revealed a little cupboard like room, filled with glasses and crockery. Obeying an impulse that I had not time to control, I drew back to this room and nearly closed the door after me, as the other door opened and Sir John Stagg entered.

It is but an ignoble part to play, whatever may be the circumstances, that of the eavesdropper; yet, in this case, I still think that I should, even if I had the time to reflect, have become a spy upon the proceedings of Sir John. I felt sure that this man had been treacherously plotting against poor Helen, and that I had not too much time to make war upon him.

Looking into the comparatively light room from the dark hiding place, I could see him distinctly as he sat down at a table in front of me, and leaned back, with his hands in his pockets, and looking up at the ceiling, while waiting for the note paper he had ordered.

Discolored as his face had now become by many excesses, and watery as was his eye, any one could not help seeing that he had been a very handsome man. His hair was jet black and wavy, a massive jet black moustache hung over his mouth, and his firm chin was cleanly shaven, though the moustache melted on each side into short, crisp whiskers. His forehead, too, was well shaped, for Sir John rather became a scoundrel by choice, than through deficiency of intellect.

In a few moments the waiter brought the note paper, and was followed by a man, who appeared to have been walking, and to whom Sir John carelessly nodded. The waiter then went out, and the new comer throwing his hat on a table, sat down moodily with his back turned to the other.

"What are you so surly about now, Will?" said the baronet.

"D——, if I work in the dark for you any more!"

Will was of a very inferior grade to Sir John; one who had evidently not reached his present position by sinking—possibly by rising from something lower.

"Let it alone, then," said the baronet coolly.

"Very good. Sorry enough you will be for it afterward, that's all."

I could see Sir John look up and keenly scrutinize his companion, though the latter, from the sulky attitude in which he had set himself, could see nothing. Whether the baronet came to the conclusion that something or nothing lurked behind the other word, he said nothing at the moment, but choosing a pen, he wrote a few words of his note, and then said in a high tone of indifference, looking up from the paper:

"Tell us what's made you so crusty this evening, Will?"

"I've got some information for you that's worth your having, I can tell you."

"Out with it then."

"Now, look here, Sir John," and Will turned round to his friend with an emphatic gesture of his right hand. "I know a good deal about your affairs, don't I?"

"More or less."

"You'd better make it more, upon my life you had. I've been to Dyvor Terrace this afternoon, and I've heard something that you'd give a good deal to hear."

"How much do you want for it, Will?"

"No, Sir John, I'm not going to be put off this time with a sovereign, nor yet a fiver. You tell me fair and honest what your present little game is, and I'll tell you what I've heard, and then trust to your generosity."

"A pretty confidant for a despairing lover!"

A sidelong movement of impatience with his head was all the answer Will deigned to give this sally.

"Well, then," went on Sir John, "if you're so anxious to know, I don't mind telling you. It's precious little good the information will do you, and it's precious little harm you can do me, whatever you know."

This was said in a singularly expressive tone, and seemed to allude to something, the memory of which made Will look moodier than ever.

"Then, my friend, my present little game, as you call it, is this. At Dyvor Terrace there resides a young lady, by name, Helen, who, last year, while staying at a country house whereat your distinguished patron was also a guest, was entirely captivated for the time being by his good looks, elevated views of life, and respectful attention. Would you like to hear about our love making, Will? it's quite touching!"

"Oh! get out, sir!" said Will, doggedly.

I could see that he was purposely made ashamed of himself and his low order of villainy, in comparison with the proceedings of the more brilliant rascal, his companion.

"Well, then, I won't dwell on this—though, indeed, it's quite interesting. The young lady was made to feel that she was doing a noble, romantic thing in keeping our love affair a secret from her father, who, I told her—such were the unworthy prejudices against me—would be sure to disapprove of it. I'm sure you must admit my perfect candor, Will."

Again Will winced under the banter which made him feel his own inferiority.

"And then there ensued letters, Will—numberless letters—which I have treasured up with all the ardor of a great affection. By the ingenuity of your humble servant, Will, the young lady was made to say things in these letters which appeared to allude to acts of impropriety which had never taken place in real truth; but now the poor darling—who doesn't love me now as she once did, such is the inconstancy of woman—has come to believe that if these letters were made public, or shown to her friends, she would be everlastingly disgraced. Of course she makes every exertion to propitiate, by little gifts, the wounded feelings of her ill-used and deserted lover, who threatens now and then, in his desperation, to show her letters to her father and claim her hand. You've no idea what interesting little notes you've been carrying backward and forward, Will."

"You are a deep one, Sir John!" said Will, in a tone of unfeigned admiration. "I twig the meaning of what I heard now. The girl's done a cove up there, (a jerk of the thumb in the direction of Dyvor Terrace,) out of a thousand pounds, and she's now gone to Wharton's, the miller's, to see you, and buy back her correspondence."

Sir John snapped his fingers in his sudden excess of delight.

"By Jupiter, that's good. How did you learn that, Will?"

"Heard her ask for the money, and get it, from a lane behind the garden. It was a check." Sir John got up and began to button his coat.

"Get my hat, Will—there's a good fellow."

He was evidently overflowing with good humor. Will went, obediently, and brought, from up stairs, the baronet's hat and gloves. He put on his hat, and was going to the door, when he turned back, and took a small bundle of letters from his breast pocket. He gave them to his companion, saying, "Perhaps it will be safest to leave these with you for the present, Will. Take great care of them—it is a mark of trust. This bundle is the cream of the joke. These are the letters themselves."

"Well, but," said Will, taking them doubtfully, and with a puzzled expression, "don't you want them with you? Isn't she going to buy them of you?"

"Do you think I shall be fool enough to give the letters up?" said the baronet, slowly. "Why, man, there's a fortune in the bundle, with proper management."

"You are a deep one, Sir John, and no mistake."

With that, Will stowed away the bundle in an inner pocket, and Sir John left the room.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I listened to this conversation—the boiling of my blood, and the hard, involuntary clenching of my hands, as I pictured to myself the suffering that poor Helen must have gone through in the clutches of this scoundrel. I waited till he had gone down the road past the windows of the coffee room, hesitating what to do. To get hold of the letters being the object, how would I set about it? I might fight Will for them, and I would have backed myself at any odds against the weak, dissolute looking scamp, but then this would after all, be nothing short of robbery.

As I hesitated, with my hand on the door leading into the coffee-room, it so happened that Will settled the question for me. He was standing at the window, and looking after the retreating form of his patron, and as he turned away, he ground out between his teeth—

"Curse him! I wish I was rid of him!"

The alliance between the two, then, was only skin deep.

I opened the door, therefore, noisily, and walked into the room. The man started as it he had been shot, and grew pale as death.

"Well," said I, walking between him and the entrance door, to provide for all contingencies, "I want to have a little talk with you. I've just heard your conversation with Sir John Stagg. I haven't much time, so I will come to the point at once. How much of that thousand pounds do you think he will give you for what you have done?"

Will's white and trembling lips refused to obey him for the moment. He had sunk back into the chair, and was looking up at me with a face of great terror.

"Do you think he will give you a hundred pounds?"

"Not he, confound him. It's little enough I'll get from him again. I wish I was quit of him, I do, upon my life, sir," reiterated Will, with many oaths I need not set down, possessed with the belief that I was a detective policeman. "But I am a poor devil, sir. He winds me round his finger; I can't get rid of him, for I haven't a penny in the world but what he gives me."

"Look here. If you give me that packet of letters that he just gave you, you shall have two hundred and fifty pounds here on the spot.

I could see that that sum dazzled his mind's eye and took away his breath.

"Sir, I can't. He'd murder me, he would indeed."

"Nonsense. With that amount of money you could be off, and need never see him again. If you don't accept my offer, you and he will both be arrested for the conspiracy. I shall arrest him," I said, willing to favor that notion about the detective policeman, "in any case. So you have your choice; you may either give me the letters, and receive two hundred and fifty pounds, or leave this room in charge of a policeman."

The last word made him rise at once, as if to get out of the way before that *contretemps* could possibly occur.

"You don't go any other way," I said, giving him no gentle push backward with my open hand.

"How will you give me the money, sir? I'll give you the letters, I will indeed."

"I will give you something over a hundred pounds in notes that I have about me, and the rest in a check. The landlord here knows me; we will have him in as a witness, if you like."

"O, no, sir," cried Will, eagerly. "It's all right, sir."

The notion of witnesses was evidently very repugnant to Will's nature, in the highest degree.

I counted out the money on the table, and wrote the check. Will, meanwhile, holding the letters half drawn out of his pocket, and with the other arm clasped over them with characteristic suspicion.

"Look here, sir," he said, as standing by the table, he put his trembling bony fingers over the pile of notes, "the gent eman'll save seven hundred and fifty pounds by this. Take half the letters now, and then make it five hundred pounds, and have the other half when Sir John's bagged."

I saw the way to treat Will. In a moment I had my hand in his neckcloth, and clapping my foot behind his, I tripped him up, and threw him heavily.

"Give me the letters, sir," I said.

Without a word of remonstrance, he got up and gave me the precious packet. I felt a thrill go through me as I put it in my breast.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't mean to anger you," said Will.

I left him gathering up the money, took my hat and left the room.

Wharton's mill was a good mile and a half from the inn, and Sir John had got ten minutes' start of me. I was very eager to intercept him, if I could, and to spare Helen the interview he intended.

A thought occurred to me. I turned into the stable beside the inn, and in five minutes more I had the one steed of the establishment saddled. Sir John now had a quarter of an hour's start. Reckoning that he walked a mile in that time, I had to do my mile and a half in seven and a half minutes. The poor old gray mare suffered in Helen's service during that seven and a half minutes, but I made it up to her afterward by a regal feed of corn. He was still two hundred yards from the corner of the little path up which you had to turn to reach the mill, and yet not within sight of its windows. The clattering of my horse's hoofs caught his ear, and he turned round to look. I drew rein as I came up, and old Nancy willingly stopped.

"Is Sir John at leisure?" I said, "I should be glad of a few minutes' conversation."

His features were more under command than those of his humble follower, Will, but I could see him change color. He merely said, however, in an admirably simulated tone of surprise:

"I think you are mistaken—that's not my name."

I had dismounted by this time, and turning the mare loose, came up to him.

"No, sir, I am not mistaken. I have seen Sir John Stagg in former days, though he possibly forgets me. I know also a good deal about him, and everything about the business in which he is now engaged. I have to inform him that Dyvor's letters are now in the safe keeping of her friends—your companion, Will, having given them up since you left the inn."

He was staggered for a moment by my words, but preserved his composure with marvellous strength of will.

"What insolence is this? Leave me, sir, at once, or you will suffer for your words."

"It is foolish to pretend to be not yourself when I know you perfectly well, and foolish to threaten when you see I don't fear you. It's no use going to the mill—you will not see Miss Dyver there. You must know that your scheme has failed. You are in some danger—you could now be arrested and tried for what you already have done. And even if you could get that check you are now in search of, it would never be paid."

He saw how useless it was to deny himself further. He saw from my knowledge of the whole affair that the plot had exploded.

Watching his face keenly, I saw it suddenly acquire an expression of diabolical ferocity, and his hands clench.

He turned and strode back toward the inn. I guessed the thought in his mind, and followed him a few steps and said, quietly:

"If you murder Will, you will be hanged for it. I shall keep my eye on the man."

He hurled back a frightful curse at me and strode on.

I did not wish then to trouble Helen with an interview. I took out my pocket book therefore, and wrote upon a leaf—

"DEAR HELEN:—You are quite safe; I have the letters for you. You need fear nothing more. Pray go home at once. Yours ever,

GEORGE HARLEY."

I left the note at the mill. When I kept Sir John in sight, till he was so far that he could not possibly molest Helen on her homeward walk, and rode quietly back to Dyvor Terrace.

Such part of my story as will interest the reader is almost over.

The same evening I sent up a note to Helen asking her to see me in the library. She did not appear in the drawing room on the plea of an headache. She came to me, silent, timid and cast down; but oh! how very beautiful in her humble gratitude!

I led her to the sofa and put the packet in her hand.

"Helen," I said, "I told you in the garden that I would no more pry into your confidence than I would read your letters, if they came into my hands unclosed. I hope you will understand that I would no more read your letters, if they came into my hands unclosed, than I would pry into your confidence."

She took the letters; and then I told her pretty much what I have told the reader, to explain how I got them.

"Oh, what shall I ever be able to do in return for all you have done for me?" she said, when I had done.

"I will not be ungenerous enough to ask for any favors now, at any rate."

I rose from the sofa and I had taken at her side and paused ere I should say good night. She did not raise her face, and I thought that she was crying. I held out my hand to take hers. I could not forego the impulse. She put hers into mine, but said nothing. "Do you not wish to go to rest?" I asked. "Are you not tired and wearied?"

Still no words in reply, but only an upward look of great, very great sweetness.

"There are sometimes strange cases," I said, and as I could not speak to her standing, I stooped down and rested one knee on her footstool, so that I could see her face, "when it is impossible to ask for a thing, however much it may be longed for. Sometimes it must be given."

I quietly drew her hand toward me. She glanced at my eyes for a moment, and then rested her head upon my breast.

After this she was mine.—*Our Fireside Friend.*

CONSOLATION.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

How knewest thou that I was sad and weary,
Foot-sore and fainting on my troubled way?
That human life seemed only lone and dreary
As I toiled on in silence, day by day?

What white-robed angel came from out the glory,
The glad hosannas and the chanting choirs,
And moved thee to divine my sombre story
Of broken hopes, lost joys, and dead desires?

Moved thee to come to me, O, gentle-hearted!
O, tender friend! heaven sent in sorest need!
To bid me mourn no more o'er joys departed—
To say to me: "Take courage!" and "God-speed!"

Blessings be thine! Thy gentle accents tender
Fall on my heart as on parched fields the rain;
Or, as on landscape dark the cheering splendor
When breaks the sun through sullen clouds again.

And now, take to thy soul this deep conviction:
Not only doth my heart respond to thee,
But thou at last shalt hear this benediction—
"Done to the least of these, 'twas done to me."

—*Overland Monthly for November.*

HOW TO FEED DOGS.

We all know vegetables are a healthy diet when mixed with something more substantial. Out of season I feed exclusively potatoes, carrots and corn meal of following proportions: I take an iron pot and put in about three gallons of water and a little salt, cut up six large potatoes and one large carrot, set the pot on the stove until the potatoes and carrots are well boiled, and take them out and mash them, put them back in the pot, and while boiling stir in enough coarse meal to make it stiff; then set aside (uncovered) to cool. Feed once a day, at night, all they will eat. Dogs are very fond of it, and it costs but two cents a day for a good feeder.

In season, when hunting every day, get a beef's head, put it in a large tin kettle with a little salt, and let boil until the flesh falls from the bone and to pieces; then stir in corn meal until stiff. Feed at night, after day's work.

I learned this from an old sportsman, an Englishman, with whom I have travelled many a hundred miles, and made many a handsome bag. This was years ago, when I had no home of my own and a family of young sportsmen growing up. I used to leave my traps at his house, and his kind lady used to do the cooking for his own and my dogs, and never failed to have it ready for them upon our return at night after a day's tramp. I always see my dog attended to before myself. A good way to get dogs in condition for work, is to commence about two weeks before season and give them a run each day behind a wagon on a hard road, and also exercise them in a newly cut field; this toughens their feet and fits them for field work. The reason of so many dogs giving out is, their feet become sore by being soft, the pads wear down thin, and the grass cuts them between the toes. If taken in a stubble field for exercise, they soon become tough. If their feet should become tender, wash them each night with brine and old beer.

If your dog should show lameness in either foot, look thoroughly for a thorn. I have taken them frequently from my dog's feet an inch long after hunting for it a long time, in consequence of being broken off close to the pad and difficult to discover. Attend well to these matters, and I assure you no human being would appreciate the kindness more than your canine friend.—*Cor. of Forest and Stream.*

FOND OF HORSES.—The Contra Costa Cal., *News* tells the following: "Little Charley Van Anden, who is not quite three years old, resides in San Francisco, and is occasionally brought to Pacheco on a visit. He betrays an extraordinary fondness for horses, and when at home can hardly be kept away from them, where he plays with a pet horse without fear, and, as it seems, without danger. He delights in crawling beneath the horse and between his feet, while the animal moves only his head and extends his ears as he watches the child's gambols. Charley was in town the other day and tottled off surreptitiously. When his absence was discovered he was sought for in alarm, and was finally found in a stable stall with an unbroken and unruly colt. The child had fastened a short rope around a hind leg of the colt, and when found was playing hoss with the utmost glee. 'I wouldn't have tried that trick for $200,' said the hostler. 'If it wasn't a baby that did it he'd have been kicked to death, sure.' Well, now, it does seem as if horses, like dogs and good hearted men, are fond of children."

☞ A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: "It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to make anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

A YOUNG HEROINE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Away out in the edge—or it used to be the edge—of West Philadelphia, more than a mile from the Schuylkill, stands the hospital mansion of Samuel Lippincott, the cheeriest, coolest, most homelike house, wherever any one made a visit.

So when I, Kate Newhouse, tired music teacher, in a Philadelphia Seminary, was warmly urged by sweet Alice Lippincott to spend my summer vacation with her, you may be sure I gladly accepted the invitation. The more so, as—but never mind John Lippincott, (though I do mind him every day, for that matter), he hasn't anything to do with this part of my story, anyhow.

West Philadelphia is built up away beyond the Lippincott's now, but at the time I write of, there were no dwelling houses very near, excepting two or three Dutch lager beer saloons and breweries which did not add to the desirableness of the spot. But it was a lovely home, and a pleasant ride to the main city, so we spent happy, happy days that golden bright summer.

Uncle Sammy and Aunt Sally Lippincott, as everybody called them, were the dearest and kindest of good old Hicksite Friends, and did their best to make everybody happy under their roof. Alice was a darling girl and my dearest friend. George was a noble, generous fellow, and as for John—, well, he is peeping over my shoulder this minute to see what I'm going to write about him, so I won't write a word.

Alice was a slender little creature, with fair hair and blue eyes, modest and retiring in her disposition, and rather inclined to be cowardly. I was a brunette, having no specialty of beauty or brains, but as John says, "I'll do well enough," so that much will answer for me.

The sweet summer passed rapidly, and the first of September came, bringing my vacation very near to its close.

One evening, just after supper, word was brought to Uncle Sammy that his brother, who lived in society, away up Wallace street, was severely hurt by a fall from his buggy, and wanted Aunt Sally and himself to come over.

They prepared to set out at once, the only objection being that Alice and I would be left alone, the two servants having received permission to go to a wedding, while the boys—George and John—were over in Jersey for two or three days' shooting.

But I declared I was not at all afraid to stay alone, and Alice said if they would promise not to stay all night she was not afraid, either.

They promised to be back by ten o'clock, if possible, and anyway not to remain all night.

"Now, Ally," said Uncle Sammy, as they got into the buggy, "thee and Kate just look up the doors and be good girls till we get back. Nothing will hurt thee."

"We're not afraid, we'll guard the castle safely, and capture all invaders!" said Alice, laughingly, and drawing her little form up valiently. And then we bade them good-bye, and went back into the great lonely house.

We locked up the doors, lit the lamps and bolted the inevitable—Philadelphia—white window shutters, and then sat down to amuse ourselves with some wonderful crochet work.

It was very still and lonely, but we did not feel at all afraid, and by-and-by, lulled by the unwonted quiet, we both grew sleepy.

It happened that the first ripe grapes of the season had been brought in, and put into the cellar to keep fresh and cool, that very day. To keep ourselves awake, Alice proposed that we should go down into the cellar and get a few bunches to eat.

I agreed, so we went into the dining room, took a small lamp from the side table, and went into the cellar, through the door lead ing down directly from the dining room.

The grapes were in a basket upon the further side of the cellar. We crossed over to them, and Alice, stooping with the lamp in her hand, began to select the richest clusters.

'Kate,' said she, presently, 'these are so fine! Let us go up stairs and get a big glass fruit dish and take some up for the rest of the folks.'

It struck me then that there was an odd tone to her voice, and I wondered what 'folks' she meant, but supposing her to mean her father and mother, I only said:

"Very well, give me the lamp, and I'll wait here till you get the dish."

'No,' she said, 'et us take the lamp up. If I try to come blundering down in the dark, I'll be sure to break the dish. You go before, and I'll carry the lamp.'

We went up stairs, I in front, Alice carrying the lamp behind me. As I turned at the head of the stairs, I saw that Alice was white as death, her blue eyes dilated and gleaming.

I was about to speak in alarm, but before I could utter a word, she seized me, and drew me into the china closet.

'Why, Alice, what in the name of the people is the matter with you?' I cried.

'Kate!' she said, solemnly, dropping into a seat on a box, 'we are alone in this house, and there is a *man* in that cellar!'

'Where? Oh, you must be mistaken!' I cried.

'I am not mistaken—I saw him, plainly, when I stooped to get the grapes. He is crouched under the cellar stairs in the shadow; he means to rob us, Kate.'

'Oh, what can we do?' I cried, in terror.

'We must take him prisoner!' said Alice, firmly.

"Oh, we can't!' I cried. 'let us get out of the house instantly and run for help, Alice!'

'Where? I am afraid of those Dutchmen at the saloon as much as of him, and there's no one else near. Besides, he may have confederates outside, who would not let us escape. We can't lock him in the cellar, because mother has the keys in her pocket. We must take him, Kate, and very quick, too, before he suspects.'

Now I was terribly frightened, but in general, Alice was much more of a coward than I was. So, when I saw her courage rise to meet the occasion, I resolved not to be behind her, so I asked her what we should do, and followed her directions with a heart beating painfully hard.

Alice quickly explained her plan, then taking a strong linen napkin, she caught up a bottle of chloroform from the closet shelf, and saturated the napkin with it. Giving me a slender, stout rope, which hung behind the closet door, and bidding me hide it under my overskirt she gave me the lamp, and the wet napkin herself we went down cellar.

'Now talk merrily, so he won't suspect,' she whispered, as we reached the stairs, and then she said something in a laughing tone but I'm sure I don't know what she said, and don't believe she did. We descended the stairs, turned to cross the cellar, passed the angle of the stairs and then—Alice sprang, swift as lightning, upon the crouching form, threw her arms about his neck, and held the napkin with all her slender strength over his mouth and nostrils.

'Quick! Kate, quick! with your rope,' she gasped. I flew to her aid, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack, that before the fellow's struggles could free him I had drawn the rope half a dozen times around him, and pulled it as tight as I could, tying the knots as I could command; and as the chloroform began to take effect, he rolled over before us like an inanimate log.

Alice, bruised, panting, and almost fainting, dropped on the ground beside him.

'Oh! Kate! Kate! If some one was only here!' she gasped. 'I don't know how long he will stay under the influence of this, and if he comes to, I'm afraid he'll break the rope.'

"They will surely be here soon!' said I. 'I, Eh, Alice! I hear a buggy! Thank heaven, some one is coming!' And as the sound of wheels and voices came to the side porch, I flew up stairs, flung open the side door of the dining room, and, oh, joy! threw myself straight into John Lippincott's arms! Don't be horrified, reader, for John and I were betrothed, and his arms had held me before.

As quick as I could I explained to the astonished boys, the situation we were in, and we all went down together to poor Alice.

She was still sitting on the ground beside her prisoner, white with pain as well as fright, for one of her wrists was terribly sprained by the man's struggles.

'And you took this big fellow prisoner, you girls! Well!' was John's comment as he bent over our captive. Then he raised Alice tenderly in his strong arms, carried her up and laid her on a lounger in the dining room. Both he and George then went into the cellar, and with a strong effort carried up the insensible ruffian and laid him on the porch, to await Uncle Sammy's return.

They tightened the rope so he could not possibly free himself if he came to, and then bestowed their care upon us poor, frightened and exhausted girls.

Very soon Uncle Sammy and Aunt Sally arrived, and great was her consternation upon hearing what had just happened. George immediately rode into the city after the proper officers to take the burglar, who came to his senses before they arrived.

He cursed and swore terribly as soon as he could have use of his tongue, and said to Alice, with an awful oath that if he had dreamed she saw him before she went up stairs, neither she nor I would have left that cellar alive.

We were glad when the officers came and took him away, and then what a pet and baby we made of Alice, and how tenderly we cared for her poor little, slender sprained wrist.

They would have made a great fuss over me too, John, especially, declaring that I was a brave girl, a little soldier, etc. But I disclaimed their honors, telling them that but for Alice I should have taken an ignominious flight, leaving the burglar to work his will, and that Alice was the rightful and only heroine of our adventure.—*Indiana Farmer.*

IDEAL MARRIAGE.

And woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain. His dearest bond is this,
Not like in like, but like in difference;
Yet, in the long years, liker shall they grow,
The man to be more woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be.
Then comes the stalier Eden back to men,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
—*Tennyson.*

☞ It takes a touch of adversity to show whether a man is a man at all, just as it needs the touch of frost to bring out the glories of the trees. Even on a dark day in October, how royally the woods flame out! Under what glorious banners they march to meet the winter! What unmatched splendors, rich as sunset skies, tender as the rainbow, shine out over the whole earth! Those splendors are the treasures that the trees were silently laying up when the summer's sun flooded them all day long. And shall a man, in his time of prosperity, lay up no store of sunshine in his inner self, whereby when darker days come on he shall be luminous with courage and good cheer?—*Beecher.*

HOW TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it to be the best medicine for a heavy heart.

Anecdotes.

☞ The other day, when a citizen inquired of a negro deck-hand whom he met on the levee, if a boat by the name of Jones worked on a certain named boat, the black asked, "Does you mean Lightning Jones?" "No, I guess not." "P'raps you mean Buffalo Jones?" "No, he isn't the one." "Well, does you mean Big-foot Jones?" "No, it must be another." "Can't be Glass-Eye Jones, can it?" "No; this Jones has no such name." "Is it Turtle-Soup Jones?" "No, that isn't the one." "It is Will Jones Small Jones, Dick Jones, Sam Jones, or Peaceful Jones?" "No, none of them." "Well, dat's all de Joneses on dat ar' steamboat, and if none of dem haint de chap, ye'll have to look furder."

☞ "Hi, Sam, has ye moved yit?" inquired one colored man of another whom he met at market yesterday. "No, I'se still in de old place," was the answer. "But I war told dat you war gwine to get out oh the neighborhood," continued the first. "Wall, I did make up my mind to, but you see de family next door, and de family on de corner, and de family cross de street, have left dere wood piles out doors, and I doesn't desire to change."

☞ A Methodist clergyman, about to preach in an out of the way town in California, was warned that if he said anything disagreeable the roughs would make trouble. He ascended the pulpit, took a couple of revolvers from his pocket, and laying one on each side of the Bible, looked fearlessly around the congregation, and said: "Let us pray." A more orderly service was never conducted.

☞ A Vassar girl wrote home: "Dee Pawpaw, we study' Latin fo owahs a day, French, seven, and science ever so long. The good matrons nevah let